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THE TECH.

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SPRING draweth near, and the average college student turns his mind toward thoughts of love, spring medicines, and base-ball; but we will content ourselves upon this occasion with discussing only the last. The time has come to decide whether there shall, or shall not, be base-ball at the Tech. this spring; for if there is to be, practice must be inaugurated very soon in the gymnasium. The Freshmen are doubtless all in favor of forming a nine, and marching forth to victory; but we upper-class men have a different way of looking at this subject. In former years we too have blown bubbles of enthusiasm reflecting many bright colors; but they have burst, and shown us how futile it is to try to develop a winning team here at the Institute. Everything conspires to bring this about: our hours of study are too long to allow time for practice; we have no grounds which we can feel we may use undisturbed; the annual examinations come just as the season opens in good shape,—and success in base-ball and in passing examinations do not hitch together at all; then there is our lack of college spirit, which allows the students to witness faultless professional games in preference to amateur

college games, with a good-sized column of errors. To sum up everything and boil it down, there remains but this fact: "There is no place at Tech. for base-ball."

Our foot-ball record was superb; shall we mar it, and bring discredit on our athletics, by organizing and sending out, with M. I. T. on it, a nine that a club of boys averaging fourteen could whitewash?

THE TECH is in receipt of a number of anonymous contributions, for which we return our thanks to the authors, whose bashfulness prevented their sending their names. We will here state for their benefit, in case they should wish to contribute again, that to insure the consideration of a manuscript, the name of the author is absolutely essential.

We had thought that this, together with the regulation in reference to writing on one side of the paper only, was understood by all. Unless both these rules are complied with the actual merit of the contribution is never considered, but in company with duns, advertising schemes, etc., it finds its way to the waste-basket, generally without being read. It is a poor article that cannot bear the name of the writer.

THE action of the management of the Union Grounds in refusing to lease them to us for the use of the eleven next fall, unless the bill for the bonfire is speedily met, cannot be blamed in the least. It is the same with an association as with a private individual; a failure to promptly discharge one's debts not only destroys one's credit, but reflects on one's honor. That in this, the year of our success, such a small bill, contracted in celebrating our glorious victory, should be left unpaid, is a shame. In our next issue we hope that we

may be able to announce to our readers the liquidation of this debt.

THE attention of any one passing through Rogers' corridor at about noon, would be attracted by sounds not in the least indicative of young men in the pursuit of knowledge. We refer to the custom of turning the reading-room into a sort of restaurant every day at the hour mentioned. To be sure, this room being given up almost entirely to the Freshmen, must savor, more or less, of the high school and academy, and must lack that quiet dignity to be found in any of the many reference and reading-rooms attached to the different courses, and occupied exclusively by the upper-class men. Loud talking, etc., are perhaps to be expected in Rogers' reading-room, but from literature to lunch seems to us a big jump. The President's notice, which, until a short time ago, was affixed to the door, and may now be seen in the book-case, prohibits eating in that room. There is a room up-stairs provided especially for lunching. Will not our readers of '91 bear this in mind, and repair thither to satisfy the god of their bellies, and leave the reading-room untainted by the odor of sausages and cold ham, that it may then impress all with the grimness of its scientific character.

THE last number of the W. P. I., the paper of the Worcester Tech., contains a very severe editorial criticism of their marking system. We must say, that if it is anything like what it is said to be, it should indeed be done away with. Our marking system is no favorite here, except with the Faculty; but the only reasonable objection there seems to us in it, is the unreasonable secrecy that prevails over the examination marks and the application of an individual standard to each man. These are facts which we know, but we would have to be sure indeed before we accused any of our professors of favoritism. Our marking system would certainly favor this, but to the credit of our professors, be it said, we have heard but few apparently just

complaints of unfair marking. Any system of marking will probably be unpopular, but at the same time we think there must be some more fair way of marking in many cases than by a system of examinations.

Although we all object to our system, there are really very many good points in it, not the least of which is the absence of ranking. Here, a man with passes and credits is just as good as the man with honors, and there is no distinction made between the two. This does away, to a great extent, with the pernicious working for marks; and good marks here are more generally acquired by a desire to be well up on the subject, than to get the mark for itself alone and the rank it gives in the class.

ESTABLISHED customs of long standing are well enough in their way, and should be adhered to if the precedent is a thoroughly good one.

It seems to us that the advisability of perpetuating the Senior ball is a subject worthy of some discussion.

Every year the committee, after slaving away at subscription lists and other minor details, find themselves badly behind financially, with a deficit which must be made up by piecemeal subscriptions, wrung from ungrateful under-classmen. Why keep up an institution run on this basis? Why not let it die a natural death, like its twin brother, the annual Freshman ball? Very few look forward through the year to the event with any degree of pleasure; most men buy tickets simply for sweet charity's sake; and, after all, the charity is not so very sweet, or deserving, either. This is only one side of the matter, and we hope that some discussion may be evoked, if the subject is worthy of the pen of those holding an opposite opinion.

IF there is anything in particular that is especially disagreeable to the editor of this paper, it is to receive available manuscript when it is just too late to insert it. Once in awhile an article can be held over till the next issue,

but generally the subject will be too stale by that time. Let those who intend to contribute, bear in mind the fact that all MSS. must be in by the Monday following the issue of the previous TECH, in order to insure the possibility of its appearing in the next number.

NOW that the election of "Technique" editors, from '90, has brought attention to matters literary and pertaining to editorships, it seems to us a fitting time to say a few words about the editorships of THE TECH.

The students must understand by this time, from the frequency with which we have proclaimed and deplored it, that the support from the members of the Institute has not been what the editors have had a right to expect. The support due to a paper claiming to be a publication by the students, does not end with the payment of the subscription fee. It has often been proclaimed from these pages that contributions from the students are not only expected, but necessary, to the success of the paper. In spite of repeated assertions and appeals, it is safe to say that the contributions received this year from non-members of the Editorial Board can be counted on the fingers of one hand. There is a tradition to the effect that once there was a column devoted to "communications" from wide-awake students, which had a well-filled space in every TECH; but it is unfamiliar to the present Board. The editors this year have done, almost without exception, the entire work, even when the numbers have been cut down for a time by the demands of another publication. It is true that some classes have been more generous than others, and have at least filled the editorships due to their position in the Institute. '90 is about to enter her last year but one, and is entitled to two or three editors. We believe '90 has furnished one contribution this year.

'91 has almost finished its first year, and its editorship remains vacant. Most of the Board is made up from the graduating class; and with the present outlook, the start for next year's TECH seems dubious.

It is time the classes took the matter into consideration, and especially '90. If a class has literary ability enough to undertake the successful publication of a book like "Technique," it has ability enough to adequately represent itself on the organ of the Institute.

A Cheeky Kiss.

Her tempting face, so near to his,
He kissed—and thus did speak:
"Forgive, you cannot guess how much
I do admire your cheek!"
"I should not pardon you," she cried,
"This bold, unlicensed freak,
But, sir, I must acknowledge that
I, too, admire *your* cheek!"

L. O. W.

Euphrosyne: A Story of Greece.

"THE sun is setting, and the doors must be shut before nightfall;" it was Kalsandoni's last order. "Girl, what can keep you lingering so long below?" was cried out from the top of the long, steep stair that led to the summer chamber of the wife of Kalsandoni.

"I am coming, mother; I shall be with you in a moment; the sun is not going down yet," was the answer in the silvery voice of Euphrosyne, from the garden door. But the voice was more silvery still in which she whispered, "Now, be obedient, Carlo, and leave me. It will be dark immediately, and you will never be able to get into the town." The advice was received, as advice usually is, with a total disregard of its value; and the pretty giver of so much wisdom was obliged to give it over again. The listener was still skeptical in the extreme as to the necessity of so rapid a retreat. New arguments were of course necessary, and the dialogue was prolonged, until the wife of Kalsandoni was heard exerting her maternal tones yet more loudly from the summit of the tower; the sun gave a sudden dip into the sea, which he seemed to set on fire; and the noise of an authoritative foot coming down stairs made a separation inevitable.

"Farewell, then, my sweet! farewell, my

own Euphrosyne!" was responded in the dusk, followed by a sound which proved that the lips of the speaker could do more than talk, and which sent Euphrosyne back half a dozen steps totally confounded, trembling from head to foot, and redder than the very roses that clustered over her.

"I shall never forgive you for this, Carlo," said she, when her breath came again. "You have never dared to presume on my patience before."

"Never!" said Carlo; "never, my sweet! It is my first offense, and should be forgiven; it may be my last, and must be forgiven."

"Your last, Carlo! Heavens, I hope not! What do you mean?"

Carlo laughed. "Well, Euphrosyne, that little speech of yours luckily falls into an ear that can remember nothing but that you are the loveliest child of nature. But what would you say, my bride soon to be, if I were going to take leave of you for awhile?"

"Go, if you will, sir; I acquit you of all promise. But," and the smile died away, "perhaps you are going to be married to some one else? I ask the question through mere curiosity. You Italians are in love with everybody for a week, and then on Sunday marry some old woman or stranger, for her money."

"I may be going to wed one whom I have often seen," said the Italian.

Euphrosyne's flashing eyes were fastened on his countenance as if she heard with them.

"My bride is to some eyes the loveliest of all that are to be seen upon the earth," said Carlo.

Euphrosyne started from the hand that clasped her.

"Yet I think her, at this moment, the most hideous of all possible beings," continued Carlo.

Euphrosyne relentingly suffered her little taper fingers to twine with those of the hand still held toward her.

"Yet she is the most faithful creature that man ever trusted with his heart," said Carlo.

"Torture me no more with this raillery, but go," sighed his agitated hearer.

"She ought to excite no emulation of yours,"

replied the Italian, "for she is the wife of every husband that she can seize."

"Is she rich?"

"Immeasurably!"

"And young, fond, delicate, wise?" wept Euphrosyne. "There, go, Carlo, and be happy."

"She is all those: young, for she is the creature of a moment; fond, for where she has once attached herself none can dissolve the tie; delicate, for the slightest flowers that bloom and breathe on her bosom are not more an emblem of fragility; and wise, for all that mankind knows becomes perpetually hers."

Euphrosyne clasped her hands on her forehead, that felt like a furnace, and blindly walked up stairs.

"One word more," whispered the Italian, detaining her by the robe. "This possible bride of mine is old, heartless, rude."

"What am I to understand by all this? It is cruel of you to perplex me, Carlo. But you will marry her, after all?" said the young Greek, pausing on the stair.

"In two days I will marry either you or her. To-morrow night I must see this being whom I thoroughly hate," said Carlo, with a languid smile. "But come, my love, if we must part, let us part as friends. Never while I retain my senses—never while I have an eye that can feel the charms of matchless beauty, or a heart that can beat with passion for virtue, tenderness, and truth, can I willingly lead any other bride to the altar than my own Euphrosyne."

The words sank into her soul. She tottered forward into his arms. The lover silently raised up that exquisite countenance, and sadly gazed upon it in the last gleam of the sunshine, as if in its fainting colors were going out the sunshine of his life. No words were spoken. Euphrosyne's tears fell large and quick from her eyelashes. Her red lips quivered.

"Farewell, my beloved," at length sighed the Italian. He pressed a kiss on her white forehead, and with one wild and long embrace turned away. Both felt as if the spirit had departed from them at the moment.

The place where the above interesting conversation took place was at Missolonghi, in Greece. The time was that when the Greeks, smarting under the Turkish misrule, had resolved to throw off the yoke, and had risen in revolution. Kalsandoni, the father of Euphrosyne, was a merchant, and a man of considerable distinction among his countrymen. While returning home in one of his vessels from a smuggling expedition in which he had been engaged, his brig had been chased by a Turkish caravella, and captured after a hard fight. Kalsandoni had escaped to the shore by swimming, aided by a young Italian nobleman, Carlo Visconti, who was a passenger on board his vessel. Carlo had gone home with the grateful Kalsandoni, and there met his lovely daughter, Euphrosyne.

The Italian was smitten at once, and Euphrosyne, even in the simplicity of seventeen, found out, before supper was done, that she had a lover. The sensation was new, and its novelty kept her awake. Like another Juliet, she wooed the moon that night, and like her, in the rustling of the vine branches, heard more than the breathings of the wind. A sigh, a fragment of a song, a verse of Ariosto, and a few words of wonder, were all that she could collect of her audience with the young Italian. But slight as it was, it was enough to keep her pillow unvisited by sleep until Aurora came dropping dew and carnations over earth and heaven.

Carlo had remained with Kalsandoni up to the time at which this story opens, and some short time previously had sought and obtained her father's consent to her marriage with him. The marriage was to be celebrated on the 19th of August, 1823,—that is, in a few days. The bride was shut up for a week before, whilst preparations for the wedding were going on. Carlo was daily and nightly under the window of his lady-love. But for some nights he had been gloomy and disturbed to a degree that alarmed Euphrosyne. She became jealous as he became enigmatical, and the riddle which he left for her contemplation on the night on which our story began, drew many a tear down her

feverish cheek. She spent the night thinking of the mysterious bride.

There was a terrible cause for the lover's gloom. Mustapha Pasha, a man of blood, was marching, with fourteen thousand picked troops, down on Acarnania. To meet the ravager the Greeks could muster but two thousand. His passage on the hills on the frontier must sweep the land with fire and sword. In this dreadful emergency, Marco Bozzaris, a hero worthy of the days of Leonidas, offered to lead a corps of kindred heroes to die for their country. Carlo had taken service with the Greeks; but as Bozzaris, himself an Albanian, had selected none but Albanians for the enterprise, he might have remained behind. Within two days of marriage, his whole soul engrossed by the charms of his bride, the thought of delay was bitterness, and he had at length flung aside his musket. But as he was ascending the hill, he saw Kalsandoni coming to join the Sacred Band, and his knowledge of the destitution into which his loss must throw his wife and child decided the lover at once. He returned to Bozzaris that evening, and by an arrangement which that generous soldier easily comprehended, contrived to have Kalsandoni appointed to another duty, and his own name substituted in the Albanian roll.

At midnight those brave men mustered on the ramparts of Missolonghi and set out on their march. Moving with extraordinary rapidity, by daybreak they reached Carpovisa, at the foot of the mountains. The pasha's army were seen pitching their tents after descending from the defiles; and now nothing but the most vigorous determination could save the whole of the lowlands from ruin. During the day Bozzaris concealed his force behind some of the ragged projections of the hills, and continued watching the movements of the enemy, whom his sagacity discovered to be making preparations to march by daybreak. Calling together his Albanians, he declared his intention of anticipating them by a night attack. The attempt was tremendous; and all were conscious that, whatever the result, none could hope to return with life.

They received the proposal in the silence of men who heard their sentence of death; but they received it with the still more solemn evidence of their resolution, by throwing away the scabbards of their scimitars.

On the night of parting from her lover, Euphrosyne remained at her window several hours, revolving the enigma of the bride whom her betrothed was to meet; whom he hated, yet whom he must not seem to shun; who was at once rich and poor, young and old, lovely and terrible. Once or twice her quick ear caught the sounds of marching and arms; but at dawn the scene before her lay as tranquil as ever. Rumors, however, had arrived of the approach of the enemy, and long before noon they were confirmed by the sight of the peasantry hurrying with their families and cattle from the frontier. She could no longer rest in the house, and throwing on her veil, walked down to a little projection on the side of the hill, where Carlo, in a moment of his native romance, had piled together some fragments of marble, as a monument of their meetings. On the little altar she found a letter of a few lines, telling her that "duty and honor compelled him to join the troops; that he loved her alone, and that, living or dead, she should be his only bride." An ominous feeling smote her; she placed the letter in her bosom, and returned instantly to her chamber, where she flung herself on the bed, and was found by her mother weeping bitterly. She at length fell into a feverish slumber, and on awaking desired to be dressed in her bridal robes. Remonstrance was useless. She said that Carlo had come, and assured her that he would return exactly at twelve that night and marry her. To soothe her mind she was suffered to put them on; and to this hour, all who saw her in them talk of her singular beauty on that evening. She sat till twilight in her window, alternately sighing and speaking to herself; and they describe her voice and language as of more than mortal sweetness and eloquence.

At nightfall she was awakened from this dangerous indulgence of the heart by her father's

return, and she ran down stairs to meet him; but he was in ill humor with what he thought the insult of sending him with his party to watch some Turkish stragglers, who had appeared within a dozen miles of the town, but whom he could not overtake. Of Carlo he knew nothing, but declared that he believed him to be nothing better than an Italian romancer, who had run away to avoid the marriage. Euphrosyne made no answer but tears, which her father, angry as he was, could not resist; he kissed her, and bade her go to rest.

The night was lovely, and after long breathing the air that came sweet and cool from the garden, she lay down, with her eyes fixed on the window which opened toward the mountains. Her mother, alarmed at every symptom of illness in a country where death is frequently so rapid, sat watching by the bed, and moistening her lips with water from time to time. Euphrosyne slept awhile, and then suddenly started up, saying, "He comes! I have seen him!" threw her arms around her mother's neck, and kissed her, and then turned to rest again. The bell was just tolling midnight from the church-towers in Missolonghi, when a broad flash shot up suddenly in the direction of the mountains, illuminating the chamber, and covering Euphrosyne with light. She was asleep, but evidently in a dream so happy that her mother would not venture to waken her.

After awhile her sleep seemed to be more profound; the house was hushed, and her mother's eyes grew heavy. She was startled by Kalsandoni coming hastily into the room to inquire who was singing and playing at such time of night,—for the sound of voices and instruments was beginning to be heard around the house. No one could be seen. Her mother was in agony lest so sweet a sleep should be disturbed; and Kalsandoni angrily took up his musket, and rushed to the garden to drive away the intruders.

Still, none were visible; but the sounds continued, swelling into a richer and more entrancing harmony every moment. At last alarm seized the household; they gathered from all

quarters, and Kalsandoni, fearful that some attempt was about to be made on his dwelling, took his daughter's hand to awaken her. It was cold. In surprise he held the lamp toward her face; nothing could be more glowing than its crimson; her features appeared full of animated beauty—but the hand grew more icy. He held a mirror to her face; there was no sign of breath on it. He cried out that "his Euphrosyne, his beloved, his angel, was dead!" The priest came, the physician, the nurse, but all was in vain. Beauty, genius, and love, had then finished their mortal career. Euphrosyne had died at midnight; but her look, singularly lovely, showed she had died happy.

On that night, Marco Bozzaris had given Carlo the command of one of the divisions that were to break in upon the flanks of the Turkish camp, reserving for himself and his three hundred Souliotes the attack on the centre. The last words of this glorious Greek might be written in brass and marble beside the noblest inscription of the Spartan soul, "If you lose sight of me during the battle, come and look for me in the pasha's tent." At midnight he stormed the lines, routed the Turks with immense slaughter, and set the whole encampment in a blaze. Carlo had rushed in at the opposite quarter, and had reached the tent at the moment when Mustapha was mounting a horse to escape. He fired his musket, and the horse fell; but a spahi galloping up while he was in the act of grasping the pasha, fired his pistol into his bosom. Carlo fell, mortally wounded. The fight was furious where he lay; and Bozzaris, stooping to lift him from the ground, received a ball in the loins. He revenged it by a blow of his scimitar, that swept off the Turk's head, and he still persisted in carrying the young Italian from the field, when a second ball struck the hero in the forehead. They fell together.

A tress of Euphrosyne's hair was found in Carlo's bosom; Carlo's letter was found clasped in Euphrosyne's hand. He had indeed found the fatal bride whom he dreaded to meet, but whom none can shun. His life passed away

with the last breath of Euphrosyne. Their last moment was the same; and in a little dell of wild olive and vine on the side of the hill above Missolonghi, to the east, they sleep in the same grave.

ALBION.

Where We Feed.

"For I am a stranger, and a long way from home."

THE truth of this song never comes so strongly to a Tech. man as when he is taking his daily feed at his "beanery." He quite agrees with the sad and now classic reply of the small boy to a question, "We don't live; we board." Of course we mean the average fellow who goes to the ordinary boarding-house; not those who, like '90's late lamented "Adonis," boarded at one of the best hotels.

The places which have the honor of feeding most of us are a good deal alike. Some may have lunch and six o'clock dinners, or noon dinners and tea. They may have racks for your napkins, as if they were shaving-mugs at a barber-shop, or they may give you clean napkins every day. You know they have been washed, for they are still so wet. They may sell you meal tickets, which get punched and very quickly knocked entirely out, or you may pay by the week—for a month or so, and then run up a bill. But, barring these little differences, one place is about like another, and you get heartily sick of any one if you stay there too long. There is never so much variety in the bill of fare but that you can learn it from one week's end to another. Squash, apple, mince; mince, squash, apple. Washington pie is introduced about four times a week, to vary the combination. As you get more familiar with the steaks, they get tougher,—or you think they do, and it all amounts to the same thing. Sunday morning, with its "fish-balls, beans, or eggs," is a great break in the monotony. Soup may come seven times a week under seven different names, but you know the same beef-bone was at the bottom of the soup-kettle all the time.

You get disgusted with the place and its food, but you don't change, for you well know that any other boarding-place will be just as distasteful to you in a short time, and, besides, you try to make yourself believe that it is simply imagination, and that the feed is "first class," or that you are eating "home cooking," as the sign says. But one day you hear your waiter (he is generally proprietor, also) give in your order, "Apple and squash for one, and let 'em *come small!*" That is more than you can stand, and you look up another place. And so we "feed."

I wonder if our neighbors at table are ever as much amused by us as we are by some of them. Who hasn't seen the young man who sits up very straight, gives his orders in a loud, superior tone, says he "really liked Boston the first time he saw it," and holds his fork very much as if it were a stylo; or the young lady with a wig who is so coquettish, puts milk on her string-beans, and wants "O, such a *little* piece of pie"; or the baby who grabs for everything on the table, and talks volapuk at the top of its voice? As for young married couples who forgetfully call each other "dear," and then look silly, you find them everywhere. Then there is the little bashful man who gets late to dinner, and so has to squeeze himself over the backs of the chairs to his seat in the very middle of the table. Being too bashful to ask for things, he makes frantic and most unexpected grabs for remote articles, which rather startle you, and makes you nervous.

You notice it is always the sickly, nervous people who call for queer things. They order "hot milk," or "warm milk," or "very weak tea," or "pretty weak coffee," or, worst of all, "cold weak tea." These same delicate people also frequently call for a "side of beef" an enormous amount if taken literally.

On going to a new boarding-place you sometimes sit next to a talkative young man "in the leather business," who relates stories of former boarders. He tells you a story of a lady—a pretty stout lady—who once, at the sight of a hungry mouse, tried to climb on to the dinner table. She screamed so, and showed such a

space of red stocking, that she never appeared any more in that dining-room. He also tells you how long the old gentleman has been flirting with the widow, and gives you other points about the boarders. If, since you are a newcomer, you get alarmed at small ants roaming about your plate or floating in your soup, this same kind young man will tell you that they are nothing,—they are merely used in place of pepper. You get better acquainted with the ants later when you find a few thousand of them in a box of candy you had left in your room, intending to take it to your girl the next evening. What if you hadn't discovered the ants before giving her the candy! The thought of it makes you sick, and out goes candy, ants, and all into the street.

It was in that same West End street that a cart loaded with packages of jam upset once on a time. The glass packages broke, spreading the jam over sidewalk and gutter until they looked like a great over-done tart. Part of the jam was picked up, and sold afterward to unsuspecting customers, probably, but a good deal was left. The mickies soon found it, and the way they went for that jam with sticks and fingers was a sight to behold. But too much sweet is bad for the temper, and soon they began fighting. Blood and jam were pretty well plastered over their faces before they got through, and most of them were too sick to fight any more. Our dining-room was next to this street, and that night, by a curious coincidence, we had jam for tea. We simply looked at it.

There are other eating-places besides those already spoken of where Tech. men "get their feed." We all know of one near the railroad. A good many fellows with strong stomachs take their daily meals there in the midst of such a clatter and crash of dishes as would shame a boiler shop. There is another choice place known to only a few fellows who discovered it, and won't give it away. They call it "T. C. Hustler's Ranch." It's a private house, and you go in first to a front bedroom, where you leave your coat on the bed or floor, or wherever

you can find room, and then you go down a short, dark stairway—almost fall into a room literally filled with tables, eaters, boiled-dinner smells, and red-headed waiters. Style most decidedly gives way here to quantity, and happy is the man whose stomach is good for the mass set before him. Let the "Hustler's" patrons rest in peace. We won't give their little secret away.

There is another place which every one knows, but to which only those with plenty of time and patience go. Prices are low, and you also get small portions for your money. You can eat everything you get there, but it is very uncertain when your order will be served. You may wait fifteen minutes or half an hour. One day you may order a stew, and get it in half the time your cold-meat order comes another day. Once a gentleman with a short patience got indignant because he had to wait only forty-five minutes for sausages—three sausages. He remonstrated, and got his order within the hour. But after all it is a quiet place to wait, and also it rejoices in two waiters who are privately known as "Beauty and the—other one." The floor is new, slippery, and only partly covered with rugs. One day the first-mentioned waiter rashly ventured off the rugs, and—she sat down very solidly on the floor. Just at this embarrassing moment the little bird in the clock remarked "*Cu coo*," and immediately retired. The waiter did likewise, as soon as she had picked herself up. We draw the veil!

An Old Lady's Story.

MY father was a captain in the service of the East India Company, and many were the stories which he had to relate of his adventures. Among others was the one which I am now about to tell you. It is perhaps the best of them all, and I think that you will be obliged to acknowledge that it is at least singular.

They had had an uneventful voyage so far, with about an average proportion of fine weather, and having rounded the Cape, were now coming into equatorial regions again. The day was

sultry. A slight breeze flapped the sails lazily against the yards, while an undulating sea swayed the huge vessel listlessly to and fro on its surface. The deck of the huge East India-man presented a scene of activity, which was in marked contrast with all around. There might be seen many different sorts of people in anything but the full dress of the ball-room; and yet this was a ball, and those at it were enjoying themselves probably more than most people do at a ball on land, where there is so much else to do.

Among the dancers was a young lieutenant in the Company's service. None danced so gracefully and naturally; he was in great demand. After a short time he withdrew from the rest and stood alone, as if listening intently to some far-distant sound. One of his companions went to him and brought him back to the ship's company in triumph, though he seemed very loath to come, and had lost his usual spirits. He had danced but a short time when suddenly he stopped in the middle of the deck, and said, "Listen! Do you hear nothing?" All stopped transfixed, and then each looked in the other's face, — for out of the distance there seemed to come the sound of a bell tolling solemnly. The young lieutenant continued: "I have heard the sound now for over half an hour, and I cannot seem to get away from it. It rings in my ears as if it presaged some coming misfortune." The captain searched the horizon with his glass, and discovered a tiny speck in a northwesterly direction, toward which he directed the course of his ship. The slow tolling became ever more distinct, until toward sunset they came in sight of a very ordinary looking small boat, such as are used on the rivers of India, pointed at both ends, with the centre roofed in by wicker-work. On the top of this hung a large bell, which gave forth hollow sounds as it was swung to and fro by the action of the waves.

A little later, and while the red glow of the setting sun lit up the waves of the sea, having now come to within a short distance of the object of their curiosity, a boat was manned, and put under the command of the young lieutenant

who had first heard the sound. He was quickly rowed across, and immediately stepped on board the boat; but no sooner had he done so than up rose a white figure, and with a savage howl drew him within the covered part of the boat. The affrighted sailors rowed back to their vessel as fast as they could, nor could they be induced to return to what they considered a haunted craft. One of the officers then made up a picked crew of passengers and sailors, and rowed cautiously over to attempt to rescue his companion, if possible. Cautiously they approached the strange boat, and waited by her side, resting on their oars, while the officer sat in the stern with cocked pistols. They had waited but a short time when the white figure again appeared. In an instant both pistols were fired, and the boat shot away from her neighbor as fast as eight strong arms could pull it. Down sank the figure, while roarings of rage and pain could be heard to issue from his boat.

After a short time had elapsed the ship's boat again approached, and this time the officer boarded her cautiously. There at his feet lay the gaunt carcass of a tiger, entangled in the shreds of a white garment such as are worn by the women of rank in certain parts of India; near by lay the mangled corpse of the young lieutenant; while the floor of the boat was strewn with bones, as if others had been victims to this beast before.

On the wicker house in the centre was a Hindu inscription, which told how the daughter of a distinguished Brahmin had fallen in love with an Englishman; which fact her father discovering, as a punishment she was put to sea in this craft, with a tiger for her companion. But why the bell, a thing almost unknown in India, should have been added was not explained, nor have I ever been able to find out. The young Englishman with whom the fair Indian had fallen in love was none other than our friend the young lieutenant. So that the means which was meant for the death of one of the lovers was the cause of the death of both.

My father had the tiger's skin made into the rug which now lies at your feet.

Never too Late to Mend.

I ran against her in the hall
 (It was not lighted well);
 She gave a frightened little call,
 Tripped in the rug, and fell.
 I caught her in two trembling arms;
 She blushed, but smiled, and so,
 As I was filled with vague alarms,
 I—well, I let her go!

Once more I chanced to meet her there;
 I would have passed,—but then,
 'Twas strange, against a heavy chair
 She brushed, and tripped again.
 I softly smiled (and she did, too),
 As I sprang to assist her.
 This time what could a fellow do?
 I just bent down and kissed her.

w.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 23, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I have received your invitation of last week, inviting me to contribute to the columns of THE TECH, for the mutual advancement of the ease of its staff, and instruction for the undergraduates now engaged in the toilsome work that only ends with the cabalistic letters, S.B. Some one has said—perhaps Professor Atkinson or Dean Swift, I am not certain which—that brevity is the soul of wit. I have always endeavored to live up to this axiom; and now, in the preface of my article, recommend it to the unfledged, untried student as a staff that will help him in after life over many a rough place. Brevity will Napoleonize you,—allow me to coin a phrase,—as it did that imperial individual, although, like him, you may for reality be long-eared and not musical. Still, unless you explode, as did my friend alluded to above, the world will look upon you as a sphinx, and immortalize your memory. But I digress. You ask for a few experiences from my life-book, that shall serve as incentives for the present M. I. T. It was a bright, sunshiny day that witnessed my exit from the halls of science, with my S.B. comfortably stowed away in my inside pocket. I was a bachelor,—a scientific one, and so doubly eligible for all offers. As I walked for the last time down the classic “pave” of Boylston

Street, I realized this with more than its ordinary force, for that very morning I had received a long document from my paternal, relative to money matters; which, after a mixture of Chesterfieldian, Dr. Watts, Leigh Richmond, and Machiavellian advice, he closed with a God bless you, ten dollars, and "in future you will have to shift for yourself." In fact, I had received a cold shake. However, I was not daunted by all this adversity, although a man with less *viam faciam* about him than burned within my bosom would have seized Micawber's rusty nail and proceeded to write his epitaph. A scientific acquaintance of bygone days who was pleasantly located in the City of Brotherly Love, had invited me on for a short visit. (Brevity again; it's always cropping out.) Thither I wended my way, and after some troublesome experiences succeeded, with my friend's help and my S.B., in obtaining a position as chemist in a large concern established for many years. I was full of youthful ardor and scientific research. Work seemed but mere play to my inquisitive mind. It is to this indefatigable spirit of inquiry to which I may attribute my unparalleled — If I had been less scientific perhaps I should have been not quite as brilliant, but more enduring. In going from my laboratory to my lodgings I passed a large manufactory, the products of which I had investigated and analyzed in the city of my *Alma Mater*, in company with nineteen or twenty other scientists under charge of one of our Professors. I got to be extremely interested in this species of investigation long before I left the Tech., and after my initiation used to follow it up on my own hook. It combined not only the hard, dry alchemy of science, but pleasure, appealing in this manner to the two most susceptible parts of man's nature,—his brain and his stomach.

It did not take me long to get acquainted with the German proprietor of the triple X; and as my free analysis was gratifying, I soon had a free *entrée* and right of pursuing my studies to any extent. This somewhat interfered with my duties at the laboratory, and

brought me several times in contact with the gentlemen in charge. I endeavored to make them see this question in its purely scientific light; but far from being able to do so, I brought down on myself such vials of wrath, that, in self-respect, I was forced to divorce myself from such a connection. Here I was again with myself and my S.B. This was a very agreeable co-partnership, but the business was not extensive, and the cash capital very limited; so it was necessary to take in a partner or appeal to the State. I concluded to take a partner. My German friends at this juncture began to show a coldness of disposition that was really chilling. I fancy they had formed some sort of an association with my previous partners,—I call them partners, for that is what it really amounts to, only my part of the profits was called a salary; anyway, it ended in a boycott at both establishments. I had thought of taking in my 3X friends, in fact had tried to, but the boycott nipped my hopes in the bud. I read a good deal of Dickens at this crisis, and became convinced that Micawber was his best character,—in fact, a noble one. After a long chemical search I was forced to come to the conclusion that chemists, good chemists, were not in demand. Oh, how I wished that I had taken course IX! Here the teachings of Micawber came in. He turned his attention from corn to coal, and I, like a true disciple, would turn mine from sulphur to steel. I did so, and was successful. Few men,—I say so with pride,—are as good a judge of the temper, condition, color, and general texture of steel as the subscriber. It is not in vain that so many heads have passed between my hands,—that I have assisted in placing before the world fellow-creatures who otherwise must have been perfect pariahs of society. Experience has taught me the uses and abuses of this wonderful metal. I now look upon myself as a benefactor to the human race. Away, cold science! Hail, philanthropy! Was it not a napkin and a razor that made the fortune of Gil Blas? What more agreeable, fascinating opera than the "Barbier de Seville?"

I noticed a little lyric in one of the "Tech-

niques" of late date. I consider it a choice production, and a move in the right direction. Science is not the only field, but is nobly disputed by art,—high, tonsorial art. Such, gentlemen, have been my experiences, and in the language of Scripture I would say, "Go thou and do likewise."

"Three barbers were shaving at ten cents a head; their stories were ended, their life-work begun."
Yours, '77.

Noticeable Articles.

THE *New York Nation* for February 9th, in a paper entitled "The True Function of a University," deals very sensibly with the subject of athletics, but takes strong ground against intercollegiate contests. The writer urges four serious objections to them. The first is that they tend to prolong "the boyish or puerile stage which ought finally to be cast away when the young man enters college. We do not mean that animal spirits should be left behind, but that the point of view from which life has hitherto been regarded should be radically changed. . . . The unspeakable importance of these years for the cultivation of the faculties and the formation of character in preparation for the struggle for existence, should sober and steady all but those already corrupted by the taint of wealth. . . . But it cannot be denied that childishness is fostered by intercollegiate contests, not only in the shape of 'hysterical demonstrations over successful games' (a phrase borrowed from President Eliot), but in giving such a predominance to the athletic interest that recreation and enjoyment, or the having what is called a good time, becomes the most potent attraction which a college education holds out." He thinks, also, that they encourage the organization of secret societies, which he calls "permanent fountains of puerility."

His next objection is, that they "erect a false standard of superiority among colleges according as one or other carries off the cup." He even thinks that "the Faculties of the smaller colleges are afraid to grapple with the evil of abnormal athletics, because they do really apprehend a loss of patronage." His third objection is, that "intercollegiate games bring the college world down to the level of the professional gambler;" and his fourth, that "they

greatly increase college expenses through legitimate and illegitimate outlay."

"Health," he says, finally, "may be attained, and sound constitutions, by moderate, well-directed exertions, without thought of any competitor. So long as this is so, the duty of the college is to turn the student's thoughts to things spiritual; to encourage early manliness, as the entrance age is steadily rising; to discourage respect for the non-essentials of college life above its main excuse for being; and to put an end to all occasions for unfriendliness and bitterness between institutions whose only emulation should be to turn out at the least possible cost the highest type of civilized man."

This is but a brief abstract of a paper which every college student would do well to read and ponder.

The same *Nation* has a good paper entitled, "What Will Russia Do?" I do not always find myself in agreement with the *Nation*. I think, for instance, that, in common with most American papers, it is deplorably in the wrong in respect to the Irish question, in regard to which such observations as I was able to make during the two last summer vacations spent in England convinced me that the Liberal-Union party were in the right. Nevertheless, the weekly reading of the *New York Nation* would form an admirable ingredient in the education of every Institute student.

The *Forum* for January has one more of the "Books-that-have-helped-me" series, which are only less stupid than the "Hundred-best-books" series. We suggest that when they come to an end, they be followed by a Meals-that-have-fattened-me series, along with a series of Hundred Best Dinners.

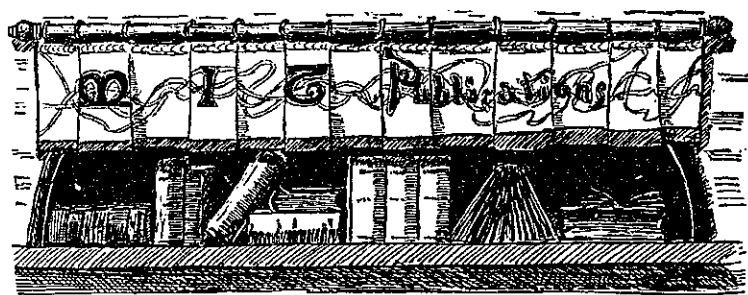
The same *Forum* has an excellent paper by the distinguished naturalist, George J. Romanes, "Concerning Women," in which he says his only object is to supplement the excellent paper, in a recent number, by Mrs. Craik, the eminent novelist who died the other day, "Concerning Men." Mr. Romanes is no opponent of the higher education of women. On the contrary, he says, "The statistical results of what has now grown to be a vast experiment, both in England and America, prove that girls are capable of the highest mental culture, without sustaining thereby more injury to health than boys;" by which, we presume, he means that cases of injury are no more frequent. But he main-

tains that intellectual, as well as physical, differences of sex are ineradicable, and says, "While strenuously supporting the opinion that women ought to aim at the achievement of real culture equally with men, I as strenuously oppose the too frequent implication that they should do so for the sake of rivaling the stronger sex in the practical pursuits of life"; and he refers to a paper of his own on Mental Differences between Men and Women, in the May number of the *Nineteenth Century*. Women's literary work, he says, has the distinction of sex stamped upon it. Jane Austen, Charlotte Brontë, Mrs. Gaskell, George Eliot, Mrs. Oliphant,—“no one of their works could have been written by a man. They are all magnificent monuments of feminine thought and feeling, when raised to the level of genius. But they would all have been marred had their writers endeavored to imitate the genius masculine.”

In this connection it may be noted that the last number of the *English Journal of Education* states that a third hall has just been opened at Newinham College, in English Cambridge, one of the Cambridge colleges for women; and there are at present in the three halls 128 women students, more than 100 of whom are preparing for the Tripos examinations. Girton College, Cambridge, we believe, has a still larger number.

A recent number of the *London Spectator* has an amusing paper on "Hibernian Imagery," which contains some delightful specimens of mixed metaphors. "Finance is not a subject specially calculated to promote the growth of flowers of rhetoric; and yet it was in connection with finance that two of the best 'bulls' were perpetrated that we know of. In the first instance the speaker alluded to a sum as "a nest-egg for us to take our stand upon;" in the other case a projected economy was described as "a mere flea-bite in the ocean of Indian debt." For the following we are indebted to an Irish medical man, who assures us that it was the creation of a colleague. Some change was contemplated, in reference to which he expressed himself in terms of the most vehement disapproval, declaring that it would have the effect of throwing "an apple of discord in their midst which, if not nipped in the bud, would burst out into a flame that would inundate the whole country." Nothing, however, for condensed confusion of thought, can surpass the celebrated remark of the man who asserted that the state of affairs was "enough to make a man commit suicide or perish in the attempt."

W. P. A.



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The K_2S held its monthly meeting at Young's on the 17th.

Mrs. Richards entertained the Junior Miners on the evening of the 17th.

Mein, Meine Mein,—the song of the Course III. man.

The hand-press in the industrial laboratory was twice broken last week.

The Theta Xi Fraternity held its annual convention in Boston last week.

President Walker was recently elected to fill a vacancy in the Commercial Club.

The Society of '91 enjoyed a most successful dinner at the Thorndyke on February 21st.

The class in Turning are beginning to use the jig saw. It is very amusing to see the way it gets away with some of the fellows.

If B., '91, will communicate with the artistic editor of THE TECH, Mr. Wales, he will greatly oblige the Board.

'90 has departed from the established precedent of having THE TECH represented on its "Technique" Board.

Quite a number of men are taking lessons in fencing, in preparation, we suppose, for a post-graduate course in Germany.

Nineteen third-year Chemists, with Dr. Norton, inspected Curtis Davis' Soap works, at East Cambridge, on Friday, the 17th.

The third year Industrial Chemists have been listening to some very interesting lectures on sugar by Dr. Stillman, chemist of the Boston Sugar Refinery.

Washington's Birthday holiday did not agree with everybody, to judge by the large number of tired faces that showed up on the morning of the 23d.

We overheard a '91 in the laboratory, the other day, talking about testing something with "Idaho scratch-paper." (Iodide of starch paper.)

The contributions to this number of THE TECH came in so late that it would have been delayed at least two or three days had it not been for the unusually rapid work of the printer.

What has become of the Chess Club? Last year, and the year before, we used to hear continually of its doings, but now its existence is even questioned.

We do not wish to "nip in the bud" literary aspirants, but the inherent bacteria of some contributions destroy them before they have grown to the "full and perfect leaf."

Professor O.: "Folzt mir in meinen zeranmizzen Saal."

Freshy, taking third year German: "Come into my roomy saloon with me." (Howls of applause.)

This is the time for the Seniors to get in their work on their theses. Soon lawn-tennis and other out-door attractions will render work in the laboratory much more irksome than at present.

A second-year Architect, beginning surveying and learning of the variations of the needle for the first time, wanted to know if the variations were caused by the "quantities of lead in the ground."

One of our first-year French students surprised us not a little the other day, by remarking, in a casual way, while discussing our system of espionage, "*Bon soir qui mal y pense.*" We thought so, too.

Messrs. T. D. and H. B. Brainerd, '87, were in town last week. They found Boston weather balmy as compared with Canada, and returned to Montreal thoroughly imbued with its salubrious effects.

Some of the students in Course IV. who take Heating and Ventilation, have profited by the large houses which Irving drew, to take samples of the air at its worst state in the Boston Theatre.

Giles Taintor, '87, was the hero of the Canadian press, a short time ago. It was accounted wonderful that an "American" could stand the hardships which he underwent during a recent blizzard. Foot-ball grit will tell.

Fire apparatus is springing up like mushrooms in every corner of the new building. Can it be that some one has dreamed that we are to have a fire there, or is it the insurance company that has brought about this sudden change of affairs?

At its class meeting on February 20th, '90 elected the following men for its "Technique" board from the fifteen recommended by the committee: Ripley, Stearns, Pennell, Goodwillie, Metcalf, Greenlaw, Waite, and Brown.

Henry Irving and Miss Terry gave a reading in Huntington Hall, Thursday, February 16th, in aid of the School of Expression. The audience was worthy of the occasion, and the affair was a success in every particular.

The great favor with which the *Architectural Review* was met will probably necessitate a second edition of No. 1. On the recommendation of the advisory board, the price has been raised from two to three dollars.

A certain Junior Chemist has been doing a little original research on his own hook. Last week he dissolved a crystal of copper nitrate in his right eye, and then tested the acidity of that organ with litmus paper. A sharp acid reaction was apparent to all.

Freshman (reading): "Je crains qu'il ne me voie" ("I fear that he may see me").

Professor L.: "What is the force of the 'ne' in this sentence?"

Freshman (thoughtfully and condescendingly): "Well, I shouldn't have put it in there, myself."

An exhibition of photographs taken by members of the Technology Photographic Society, will be held during the week, beginning March 14th. Diplomas will be given for superiority in

Instantaneous, Interior, and General Photography, and for Artistic Merit. Any one may exhibit by becoming a member of the Society. Applications for membership should be made to the Secretary, Francis R. Hart, '89.

A young lady friend of THE TECH entered a music store on Washington Street, recently, to buy a popular song. Said she to a clerk, "I want to get 'Over the Bannister.'" "Gad! she's crazy," thought the clerk, as he got out of the way. She then spoke to another clerk: "Please, I want to see 'Over the Bannister.'" "Certainly, Madam; the stairs are in the back part of the store." She recovered after awhile and explained. (Fact.)

The second-year architects are to test the air and ventilation of Trinity Church and the various theatres and halls of the city. They all have to take two big bottles with them, to get specimens of the air. Those who do Trinity will sit through the sermon sucking air into the bottles, while the others have bellows. Theatre-goers who may hear a wheezy clickety-click, clickety-click, may know it is only Tech. men getting samples of theatre air.

The Architectural Society met on Tuesday, February 14th, in Rogers 11. After the business meeting a sketch problem was given out, and at the end of 40 minutes, judged. The problem was a design for a gate lodge, and the following mentions were given by the committee: L. A. Ford, 1st, D. P., Goodrich, 2d, and E. A. Manny, Jr., 3d. The meeting was successfully broken up by selections on the banjo by Messrs. Wales, Kaufman, and Mauran.

The Boston Inter-Collegiate Y. M. C. A. held the house-warming and formal opening of their new room, Saturday evening, February 11th, in the Association Building. Short but rousing speeches were made by Mr. Saunders of Yale College, Mr. Douglas, Secretary of the Boston Y. M. C. A., and Mr. Arthur Johnson of the Board of Advisory Directors. College songs led by B. U. men and refreshments followed. About 100 men, including 15 or 20 Tech. fellows, were present, and all had a pleasant and profitable time.

A very select party of Techs represented us at the concert given by the young ladies of Wellesley College last Monday evening. A delightful time is reported.

Oliver Wendell Holmes says that "nobody knows New England who is not on terms of intimacy with one of its elms." He might have added that nobody knows New York thoroughly till he has made a bosom friend of one of its lamp-posts.—*Springfield Union*. And it may still be added that Boston itself combines these two characteristics, for if one is on terms of too close intimacy with at least one "Old Elm," it follows directly that one will also make a bosom friend of one of its lamp-posts.

To see such comment on the *Technology Architectural Review* as the following from the *New York Nation*, is gratifying to every Institute student, and must be most encouraging to the editors. The *Nation* says:—

We cannot recall a "first number" in any periodical venture which more nearly satisfies the ideal than does the *Technology Architectural Review*, nominally issued on Nov. 15, 1887, by the architectural department of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. "It is essentially a folio of plates, and not of text matter," and reproduces the "mentioned" designs or *projets* made at the Institute, with occasional departure from this limit. . . . The execution of the heliotype plates, as of the letter-press, is admirable.

Amy Stantial Lund.

Died in Malden, February 11th, Amy Stantial, wife of Mr James Lund, aged 27 years 9 months.

IN the decease of Mrs. Lund the class circle of '84 is broken,—it falling to her lot to be the first to pass the slight barrier which separates time from eternity. It is natural for the young to place this event far in the distant future, but sad experience refutes this presumption. How mysterious it is that life should be broken in the midst; that the Destroyer should pass over those who, from age and infirmity, have become weary of life, and are wishing to lay down its burden, and select one in the vigor of youth, surrounded by everything to make life desirable.

It seems an unrighteous, cruel sacrifice. But with our finite minds we must not expect to comprehend the Infinite, nor doubt for a moment but that the ways of God are right,

"though darkness involves his administration." Nor must we feel that a life so earnest, so beautiful, so pure is ended; it still goes on in the heavenly sphere, where are larger opportunities for usefulness, happiness, progress,—and though absent from sight, may still be nearer to us than is perceptible to our gross senses.

Graduating in the class of '84, her self-reliance, untiring energy, her deft manipulation, her skill as an investigator, attracted the attention of our lamented Professor Nichols, whose assistant she became during the last two years of his life,—which circumstance alone is high commendation.

She married, in July, 1886, Mr. James Lund, a graduate of the class of '81, who so acceptably filled the position of assistant in Analytical Chemistry for three years, to whom we would extend our heartfelt sympathy in this hour of deep affliction.

College Notes.

Columbia College exercises were suspended Ash Wednesday.

B. L. Pratt, of the Yale Art School, is designing a statuette of a foot-ball kicker, representing a half-back on the point of punting.

The training expenses of the Freshman Ball Nine at Amherst, is paid by a tax of twenty-five cents per month levied on each man in the class.

The Smith College Glee Club is the only female organization of its kind having a warbler and a whistler.

At Wellesley, twenty hours a week of recitations are required.

Harper & Brothers have presented to Vassar College copies of all of their publications on history.

The students of Trinity College, Dublin, annually raise \$3,000 for the support of a Chinese Missionary College.

The Yale observatory is said to get \$1,000 a year for serving out time to the railroads.

The Indiana Supreme Court has decided that college students of a legal age may vote in college towns.

A Republican Club has been formed at the University of Michigan, in preparation for the coming Presidential campaign.

Trinity recently conferred the degree of LL.D. upon Senator Edmands.

The University of Bologna, Italy, celebrates its 800th anniversary this year, and has invited delegates from the leading American universities.

The March number of *Outing* contains an article on "American College Foot-Ball," by R. M. Hodge, Princeton, '86.

The recent chess club tournament between Columbia and the College of the city of New York, resulted in a draw.

Professor Patton, recently elected president of Princeton, is a British subject who has never sought naturalization in this country.

For the benefit of those in and out of college who may not know the restrictions placed upon those who receive scholarships, we would say that every recipient must sign a document saying that he has not entered a billiard-room except that in our gymnasium during the term time, nor used tobacco, nor drank liquor as a beverage, nor paid any money as a tuition for dancing, and must also send in a signed account of his expenses during the year just passed.—*Amherst Student*.

President McCosh, of Princeton, is fairly entitled to retire on his laurels. During the twenty years of his presidency, between \$2,000,000 and \$3,000,000 have been subscribed to the college; the number of students has been increased from 264 to upward of 600; the number of professors from 17 to 41; while the buildings and the books and apparatus of the college have been more than doubled, the standard of scholarship has been materially raised, and a dozen new fellowships have been founded.—*Herald*.

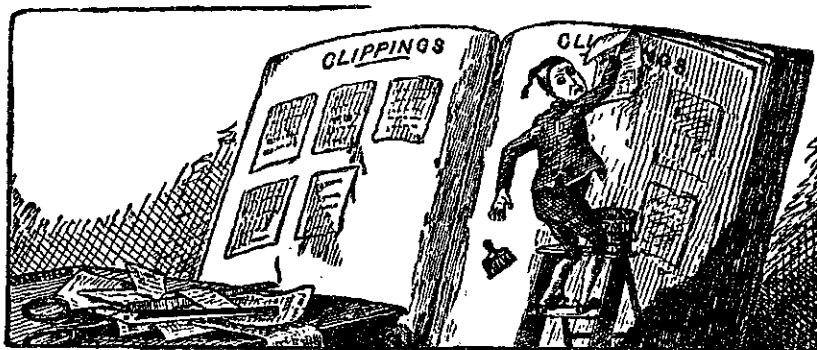
The Johns Hopkins University of Baltimore, finds itself short of funds to defray its current expenses on account of the failure of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad to pay a dividend, the in-

come to the university from this source having been about \$120,000 annually.

A recent number of the *Tuftsian* deplors the fact that every one insists on considering all the Tufts' students as "theologs." It also states for the benefit of the outsider, that there is an academic department there, which is by no means an unimportant part of the institution.

Our colored college confreres who are attending Hampton University, have formed a debating club, which consists of representatives from every class. Among the aspirants for oratorical honors is the son of the distinguished divine and scientist who took issue with Galileo touching the revolution of the sun in the well-known saying, "The sun do move." The subject for discussion the other evening was, "Resolved, that the future of colored gentlemen and ladies bids fair to exceed that of their colored (*sic* white) brethren." The debate was opened by a Senior, who in glowing colors pictured the future of the United States as it will be in 1901 when George Washington Caius Clay Napoleon Bonaparte Henry administers the affairs of State with a well-chosen cabinet of emancipated legislators. The negative was weak, and does not call for remark. "The sun do move's" son was to have closed the debate, but in dealing with his subject the argument took an astronomical turn, and the *sun* began to advocate his father's views. In vain an enraged Junior rose for order; in vain the president's gavel rang loudly on the desk. The *sun* kept on moving until the president, descending from his platform, lowered his head and fairly butted the refractory member into such a state as proved the fallacy of his position.

It is amusing to note the manner in which the *Troy Polytechnic* presumes to criticise many of its exchanges, most of which are in every way so superior to it that they do not consider the review (?) worthy of a reply. It is ambitious, at least, for a monthly to attempt to haul a bi-weekly over the coals even if the short-comings of the latter be real, which is not the case in most of the criticisms in question.



A WONDER OF LOGIC.

Young Brown returned from college,
His head so filled with knowledge
(The freshman year, of course, you understand),
His fond and doting mother
Could scarce believe another
So wise and bright existed in the land.

He quoted logic daily,
And used to prate quite gaily
Of major premise, minor, and the rest;
His father oft perplexing
With syllogisms vexing,—
Though, truth to tell, he rarely came out best.

One morn the son was showing
Th' advantages of knowing
With only two eggs left, there more must be.
"That's one!" The *pere* assented.
"That's two!" He smiled, contented.
"But two and one will evermore make three."

His father answered blandly:
"My boy, you've reasoned grandly;
This logic is the strangest thing I've heard."
One egg he gave the mother,
Himself then took another;
"And you, my son," he said, "can have the third."
— *Independent*.

Stranger (to boy): "Boy, can you direct me to the nearest bank?"

Boy: "I kin for twenty-five cents."

Stranger: "Twenty-five cents! Isn't that high pay?"

Boy: "Yes, sir, but it's bank directors what gits high pay."— *Ex*.

"Papa raise the blind, wont you?" languidly requested Maud, as the growing gloom settled heavily over the ninety-seventh page of *Armand the Terrible*.

Papa was snoring mildly, but, he managed to grunt: "On a queen high? D'ye take me for a chump?" and the tired spirit was again wafted into glorious dreamland.— *Ex*.

THE WIFE'S ANSWER.

"The fools are not all dead," said he;
Her answer took him quite aback:
"I'm very glad of it," said she;
"I never did look well in black."— *Ex*.

There was a young lady of Bicester,
And a man came behind her and kicester;
When she said, "How you dare!"
He replied, "I declare,
In the dark I took you for your sicester!"— *Ex*.

To register the heat or cold,
Thermometers are daily sold,
With numbers in relief right bold,
That readily they may be told
They're graduated by degrees.

Students hope for that time when
(It happens to some college men)
They're registered with ink and pen
Upon the college books, and then
They're graduated by degrees.

There are people every day
Who surpass the common clay;
Yet slowly chances it that they
Are credited, and hence we say,
They're graduated by degrees.

— *Yale Courant*.

FRESHMAN LOVE.

Day-dreams shroud him over,
Visions fill his brain;
Will he e'er recover
From these thoughts inane?

Duchess, Charlotte Bronte,
Mary Cecil Hay,
Reads, nor seems to want a
Moment spent in play.

Flunking recitation;
Waiting for the mail,
'Tis'nt dissipation
Makes him thin and pale.

Ah, could I but borrow
Wisdom from above
To describe the sorrow
Of a Freshman's love.

— *Williams Weekly*.

History professor: "Mr. Litelbranes, how did Cæsar die?"

Mr. Litelbranes: "Oh—er, too many Roman punches, I believe."— *Ex*.

Mr. Sentimental: "Did you read my poem, Miss Prim, entitled, 'Naught-he loves'?" Miss Prim (indignantly): "No! Aren't you ashamed? I never read poetry on such subjects."— *Ex*.